

The Woman's Page of The Times-Dispatch

Summer Brings Return of Week-End Parties

With the return of June and college finals has also begun the annual outbreak of house and week-end parties. The latter form of visitation has of late years grown into surprising popularity, among even old-fashioned Virginia people, whose city friends desire to give them the unmitigated delight of their presence to bridge the rest days and link the work days joyfully together.

Just how the hostess feels about the joyfulness of the linkage is a matter which does not call for pointed investigation. She has on her shoulders the full burden and responsibility of the week-end, for the host is a passive, not an active factor, who is in an attitude of endurance rather than of enjoyment; of submission rather than activity of behavior.

The Moving Cause.

In all inexplicable mysteries there is a moving cause. The moving cause of the house party seems to be a desire on the part of the modern hostess to exploit herself as the possessor of the handsomest and best appointed country house, owned by any woman in her especial set. Sometimes she makes a successful demonstration, but often she simply gives herself up as a laughingstock to her friends and guests, who compare her with others out-rivaling in week-end features and diversions. Another impelling reason for the week-end segregation is that there is some especial society lion whom a hostess desires to capture and display to lesser lions following in the wake of the supremely desired and honored.

The hour of arrival for guests, at such a party involves a nice policy of calculation on the part of the hostess. She endeavors, if possible, to have them come by the same train, and begin in amicable acquaintanceship the roles they play in the wearing of smart clothes, the eating of good food, the relation of witty jokes and personal experiences, the inspection of the premises and the losing of money at the bridge table, the sensation above all others of the week-end, the supreme object for which it stands and is created. Generally there is one member of the party that leads the others gradually and impressively to the various delights of house, grounds and program of amusements. The universal agreement, outwardly from all present, when the showing-off process is over, that the hostess is the cleverest woman in the world and has the most original ideas in her methods of making herself agreeable, is accepted as part of the tribute due for invitations extended and accepted.

The real reckoning up time, however, arrives with Monday morning when the "week-enders" joyfully gather themselves together, bag and baggage, and after a sketchy breakfast in the velvet drawing and a nerve-rasping wait at a wayside station, return, as they graphically express it, "to civilization and well being once more." The ride on the train is generally punctuated with acid criticisms and comparisons whereby this week-end is disadvantageously likened to others that have preceded it.

The present is the era of progress. Surely progress has gone a long way in old Virginia when the so-called "week-end" is vaunted as the successor and present exponent of the delightful hospitality of former days. Then friends came as they listed and went when they saw fit. Host and hostess welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest in all truth and sincerity. The best in the power of giving was freely offered. The people meant more then and counted for more than now; the house and its luxurious appointments for less.

A question asked. Former days and former ways are only memories now, memories that grow dimmer year by year. But while their echoes linger at stray times in the mind, like snatches of half-forgotten melodies, the question now and again arises: "Can such as this fall and the week-end take its place?"

White Organdie Jackets.

Wraps to wear and lingerie gowns are in great favor, but the latest cry is a jacket of white organdie. One of the prettiest little jackets imaginable is so thin that it shows underneath the gauzy draperies of the gown. Such work as goes into this gown is not seen often even in our money-spending age. The material is white net and organdie, combined with three-inch insertions and edgings of baby Irish, the mesh of cobweb delicacy. These go straight around the bottom with sections of tulle net between. Just under the knees there is a treatment that is a work of art. A wide band of net has encrustations of roses and trailing vines made from the organdie, and put on so that the flowers stand up like coral from the net. As to the jacket, its length shows the gradual and steady shortening that is going on in the designing-rooms. It is a belted affair, black velvet ribbon folded around the waist, with skirts below the waist and to the hips. At the front it hangs open with wide revers, the belt cutting through the sides and meeting close against the waist with a large bow. There is a repetition of the roses on the revers and the bodice, in a ruffled, collar-like band on the back. The waist has the usual and the charming flared shoulders, with alternations of lace and net and organdie as in the skirt. Straight around the body, just at the bust line, there is a band of satin ribbon in cactus red threaded under gathered net. This breaks out from under the net in the front and shows between the opening of the coat and looks as if it belonged to it rather than to the gown.

Useful Suggestions.

Velvet or ribbon bows may be given new life without removing them from the hat, by using a curling-iron. It should be used quite hot, then covered loosely with a wet cloth and inserted in the loops, opening iron as wide as loops demand, and holding it there until loops are dry, when they will look like new.

By slipping a pair of gauzy silk or cotton gloves over white kid gloves women can save a great deal in trouble and expense. This applies especially to commuters and travelers in street cars who desire to appear immaculate at receptions and club meetings.

Flip lace from discarded garments and wind it on a piece of pasteboard, just as a new lace comes. When lace is mending place the piece of old lace under the worn place and darn down. A new collar lined with old lace will last twice as long, and when hemstitching gives way I place a piece of old lace underneath and a stitch on each side of the hem.



SMART MODELS IN SATIN AND SHANTUNG.

L'ART DE MODE

Patriotic Dinner

For an American flag dinner everything on the menu, including decorations, must be either red, white or blue.

The red dishes may include a fruit salad of strawberries, red raspberries, currants and cherries, or they may be served as natural for the fruit course. Follow with a red soup, such as tomato or lobster bisque, or a white one like cream of clams with whipped cream. The relishes would be red radishes, little white onions or salted popcorn. The fish would be blue-fish and the piece de resistance could be roast beef very rare or a white fricassee of chicken. Cold Westphalia or Virginia ham can also be utilized. The vegetables can be white potatoes mashed and beaten to creamy lightness, asparagus or cauliflower with cream sauce and cucumbers. The salad may be of tomato and cream cheese, and the dessert steamed blueberry pudding, followed by strawberry and lemon ice.

A cake frosted with white and decorated with blue violets, glazed and red crystallized cherries will carry out the color scheme still further, as also the grape-juice punch, which, with red cherries and white grapes, round out the color scheme.

Women's Rights Luncheon.

Invitations for such a luncheon were sent out in the usual form, the novelty of the affair was kept as a complete surprise, and the first intimation of anything unusual was a yellow banner bearing the words "Women's Suffrage Headquarters" in large black letters, which hung over the door of the dining room. Ferns banded in the center of the table concealed a bait box, from which yellow ribbons extended to each cover, making a new sort of Jack Horner pie, and the only flowers used for decoration were daisies, corsage bouquets of yellow pansies and maidenhair fern. But the ribbon on each bouquet was really a suffrage badge of yellow satin, inscribed in black lettering with the words "Votes for Women."

SABRINA OF AMHERST COLLEGE CAMPUS HEROINE

An American heroine who has figured in a great number of mad and merry escapades and who has had the distinction of being invited to a great number of annual college class dinners, was first known in her native environment—the campus of Amherst College, Massachusetts—as Sabrina. She was, when undressed, the scantily attired bronze representative of Sabrina, daughter of an ancient King of Britain, and was mentioned by Drayton, Milton, Fletcher and other English poets in moving and exquisite verse.

Sabrina's student comrades pretended early to feel great sympathy with her during severe winter, and the good townfolk of Amherst gradually grew accustomed to the queer spectacle of Sabrina warmly wrapped in a gaudy plaid shawl when the atmosphere fell to the neighborhood of zero. Staid professors and their decorous wives were a riddle shocked at Sabrina's calmly confronting them in an Easter Sunday procession, clad in an enormous pink hat, up-to-date corsets and pink garters with huge pink ribbon bows.

After this memorable occasion Sabrina was banished from the campus

and, being hidden securely in a cellar apartment, eluded for a while the freakish attentions of her friends among the undergraduates and seniors. Then when a sophomore class made ready for a dinner in Boston diligent search was instituted, Sabrina once more emerged from private to public life and began a journey under the chaperonage of sophomores toward the Massachusetts capital. But she was adroitly spirited away en route from the friends with whom she started and was the mascot at a celebration in which those coming next after the sophomores were hosts. The first mentioned class was an even one. The abductors belonged to the odds, and passed Sabrina on to the next odd-year graduates.

After she had graced the festive board of these proud possessors who was started safely, under the protecting care of an express company, from Boston to Springfield. But a member of an even class intercepted her at Worcester, decanted verily the elect of the express people and returned her to a class man, waiting open-armed to receive her in Boston. Since then she has been the most cherished presence at the reunions of the even classes, all efforts of the odds to recapture her having proved futile. Her full history is most entertainingly related by Walter Pritchard Eaton in the July Delineator.

At various subsequent celebrations Sabrina has come and gone mysteriously as a ghost, her movements being always enshrouded in mystery to prevent the danger of her being gotten back by the rivals of the even classes. At one time she was enthroned at the head of the table when a class dinner was given at Brattleboro, Vt. When the feast was over Sabrina was consigned to a grave beneath the floor of a deserted barn near Brattleboro and remained buried for two years. She was dug up to attend the class celebration then, and was afterward again cunningly concealed at the bot-

tom of the Connecticut River. The dinners at which she biennially comes to life are never held in Amherst, but risk to the even classes being too great and the interests of peace forbidding it.

Sabrina is a much-traveled heroine. She has been to Europe on one of the ocean greyhounds and has enjoyed camping in the White Mountains. In New York she has patronized the Waldorf Astoria, arriving in a taxicab. Only once has she revisited her old home at Amherst. Then she remained just long enough to have her picture taken and to be driven around the running track of Amherst College in a heavily guarded automobile. Afterward she was raced out of town with a scout car in advance of hers, and another following close in her rear.

As a priceless heritage of the college, Sabrina is regarded with immense enthusiasm. What girl, debutante or otherwise, can successfully compete with her in the affections of the classes whose good genius she has been since 1894?

THE PASSERBY.

FRECKLES

June Worst Month for This Trouble—How to Remove Easily.

There's a reason why nearly everybody freckles in June, but happily there is also a cure for these ugly blemishes, and no one need stay freckled.

Simply get one ounce of citrine, double strength, from the Tragle Drug Co. and apply a little of it at night, and in the morning you will see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the light ones have vanished entirely. Now is the time to rid yourself of freckles, for if not removed now they will stay all summer, and spoil an otherwise beautiful complexion. Money back if citrine fails.

How to Keep a Wife's Love

A new feature of the Delineator is a "Man's Page." Charles Battell Loomis has written an article telling a married man "How to Keep a Wife's Love." This is what Mr. Loomis says about it:

If your wife does not love you as she did when you were married, you must have fallen off in your attentions. Remember that a wife is only a sweetheart a few years later. Make believe that she is still your sweetheart.

When you go home from business, have the maid send your name up just as in the old days. A wife likes these little attentions, and if she is the right sort, she will send down word that she will be down in a few minutes. Then put a five-pound box of candy in a prominent place and wait patiently. When you hear her coming, run to meet her and kiss her in a manly way as if you had waited all day for the privilege. Then give her the candy. If there is but one chair in the room let her sit in it while you stand. Now tell her the events of the day in the office in a witty way that will appeal to her love of fun.

Domestic Service for Men.

There is no reason why young American men should not make ideal servant girls and yet preserve independence. The bookkeeper works from 8 till 8. His meagre wages must pay board and lodging and clothes him. What a life! But the general housework girl in a small family—what does she have to do but cook a few meals, clean a few rooms, after a fashion, and collect \$30 a month? Not a penny for expenses, a nice room, plenty of clothes given her, and every Thursday and Sunday out! Young men, it is easy. What preparation is needed? Nothing anybody can learn to cook in a week. Can't! A trunk and a written reference, readily obtainable from any employment office.

And think of the happy lives you can make by your charming little culinary surprises. Then, when the family goes away for the summer, they take you with them, or you have the whole flat to yourself and everything free. Young men, it is a vision of happiness.

Who knows, too, but that your employer's daughter may fall in love with you? Young men, domestic service is the complete prevention of all free love, plagues, blackheads, not greasy or gritty. \$3.50. Drug Dept. stores. Send for complete list.

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The Clouds That Dropped Their Garnered Fullness Down

There is an old poem the lines of which tell about the clouds that dropped "their garnered fullness down." June has hung out the clouds, and certainly the "garnered fullness" ought to bring after it abundant summer verdure bloom and fruitage.

Ouida, a novelist whose romances were popular during the latter half of the nineteenth century, was a pioneer in the art of short story telling. A very clever instance of her art remains as a satire on those young married couples who think themselves favored when they accept an invitation to spend their honeymoon in each other's society and in the seclusion of a country house, where they are to be free from the intrusion of ordinary and less idealistic mortals. In the satire the newly wedded couple were on behalf of the groom, an experienced man of the world, Frenchy in all his tastes and requiring, under ordinary circumstances, the enlivening society of men and women of his own type and inclinations. The bride was a very young English girl, altogether reserved, not possessing what has since come to be called a "temperament," severely limited in her ideas and standards, but very genuinely in love with her handsome husband.

The End of It All.

The month of the honeymoon was June, and like the first half of the present month the rain rained every day. The groom, shut up in a house from which he could only look out on the greenest and wettest shrubs, trees and sward he ever saw, or walk abroad to be caught and drenched in a down-pour, speedily became tired of playing the game of love making with his young wife. And she did not prove a good companion in any other wise. She and her husband saw things from different standpoints. The one had no sense of humor and the other was cynical to a degree. The two quarreled. The wife wept. The husband was disgusted and brutally remarked that the "outside dampness was enough for him." Things went from bad to worse. Enforced idleness and time hanging heavy on his hands led the man into mischief. Then in a moment of one of his moods he received a letter from a former associate. He responded to it by chucking the honeymoon, forsaking his bride and running away in a fit of desperation to disport himself after his kind at a watering place in the south of France.

The absurd little melodrama preaches a sermon which, because it is so true, deserves to be heeded. In the lives even of ordinary people, removed from the honeymoon, obsession, there is a time when rain gets on the nerves. Then comes the test. All of the usual routine of life as far as out-of-door pleasures are concerned must be overturned. Ingenuity is taxed to make indoor resources do double duty, and, unless there is much cheerful philosophy and much ready adaptability and tactfulness, human entities are apt to jar each other's sensibilities and evoke discords in lieu of harmonies.

Before the Ark Heated.

One often wonders what the Noah family did during the forty days of the Deluge in the confined limits of the ark. The menagerie had to be looked after, of course, had to be fed and soothed and kept in good temper. But while the floods descended from the leaden skies and the mountainous waves rolled higher and higher, there must have been many weary hours before the ark came to anchor on Mount Ararat, and the olive leaf in the dove's mouth held out the symbol of deliverance and a return to natural, wholesome occupations, with the blessing of blue skies and sunshine as the most indispensable of all adjuncts.

It is well to be, as far as possible, independent of the weather, to take it as it comes and make the best of it; to sail forth under imperative conditions with raincoat and umbrella, thereby preserving a comfortable immunity from water-soaking and an unimpaired dignity. For it is quite impossible to get sopping wet and not present pretty much the same appearance as a bedraggled chicken. It is the one time when Plato's definition of mankind as "a bird without feathers" comes irresistibly into mind.

Deranges Mental Balance.

An overplus of rain puts the mental balance out of whack as entirely as it does the weather vane. People are unable to do the things that belong to their daily category and to indulge in the pleasures that they have come to require as necessities, through long habit and resulting preference for them. The sufferer from gout has twinges. The dyspeptic is preyed upon by taking an early morning constitutional. The housekeeper is confronted by extravagant prices in the market and must extra work to preserve an orderly and wholesome atmosphere in her household. The young people lament the inevitable postponement of week-end golf and tennis parties.

Enforced companionship is not conducive toward brightening out the amiable elements of disposition. Too frequently those that are brought together by force of circumstances, and not because they desire each other's company, become enemies when they might otherwise have been friends.

Moral of Such Reflection.

The moral of such reflection is obvious. When June is the month and one is awakened in the morning by the hiss of raindrops against the window pane, and falls asleep to the tune of the drip, drip from the eaves, then one needs to take a firm grip on self. An added precaution against indulging in caustic criticism, art, added determination to make the best of all this, and to look at the optimistic side of human nature, will serve as a great corrective against the demoralization that may also be wrought by "garnered skies" in June.

CONSTANCIA.

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Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Natural Color and Beauty.

No matter how long it has been grayed, Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Will not scald skin or linen. Will not injure your hair. Is not dye. \$1 and 50c. bottles, at druggists. Send 2c for free book "The Care of the Hair and Skin." Full Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N.J., U.S.A. **Hay's White Cream** beautifies the complexion, prevents wrinkles, freckles, pimples, blackheads. Not greasy or gritty. 15c. 50c. Drug Dept. stores. Send for complete list.

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